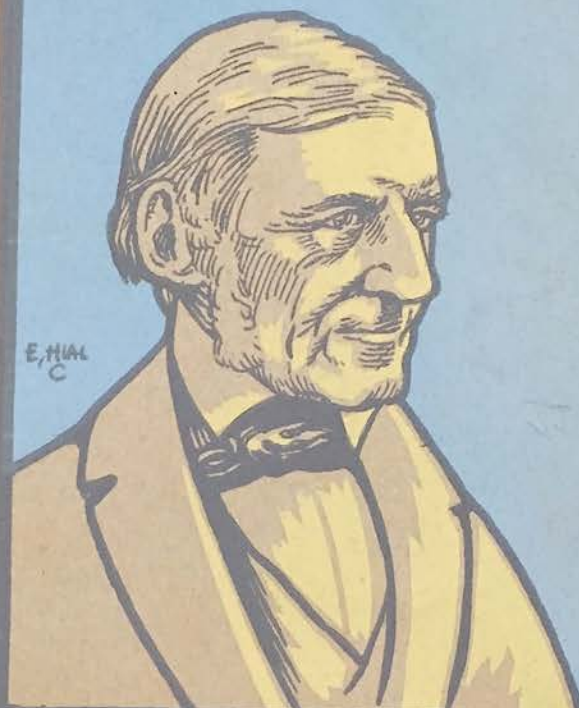


# Reality

Consciousness has Many Octaves  
and All Together Produce Reality

AUGUST  
1938



A Pelley Publication





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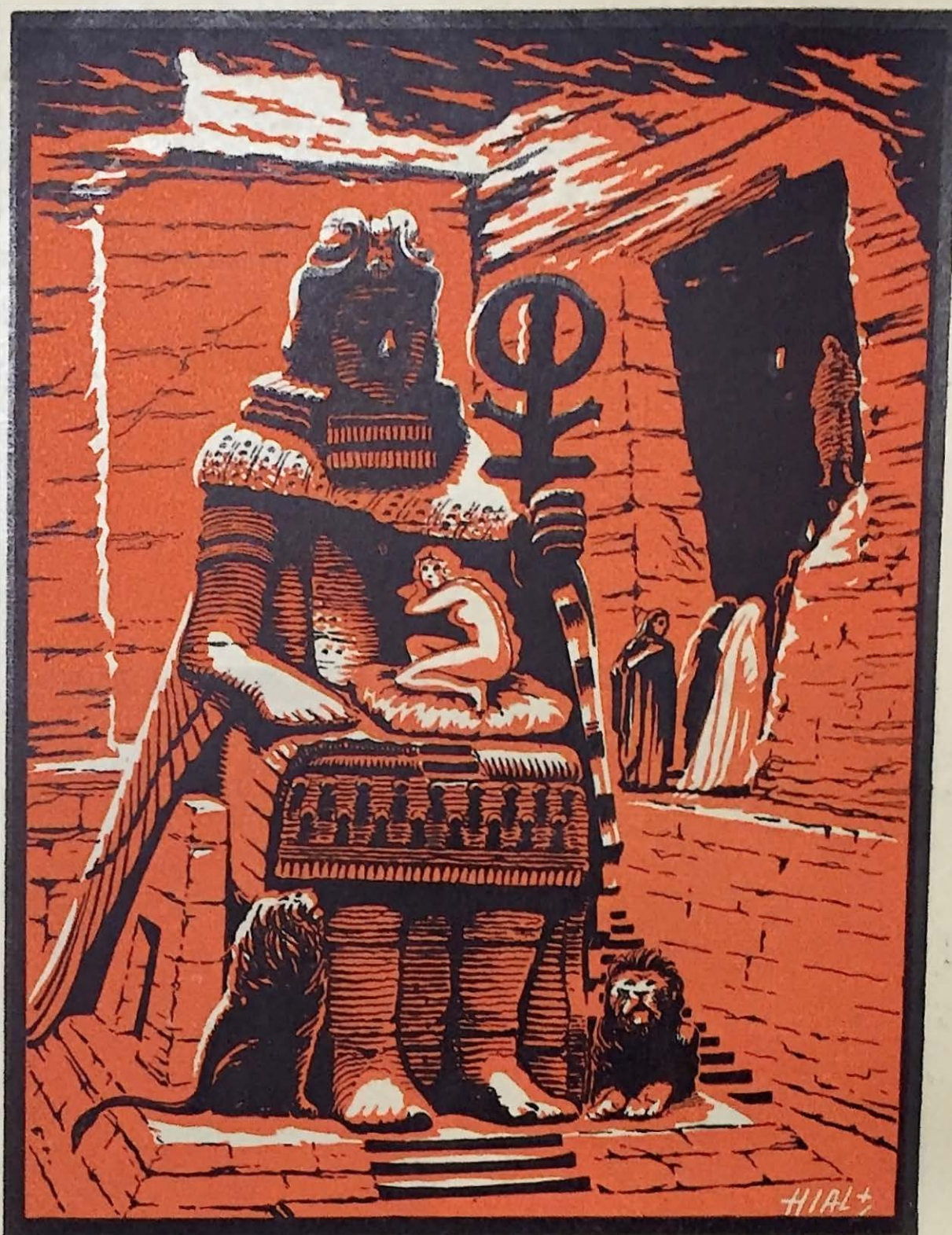
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# Reality

## Magazine

Volume One

AUGUST, 1938

Number Eleven

### THAT NEW STAR SHALL BE THE EGO OF YOUR CONQUERINGS

¶ We come awake afresh in Mortality and know that again Earth's Patteran beckons us. Our childhood reactions are a zest to accept it. Rarely do we question it. We do not combat it. Children may pull their toys apart and litter infancy's floor with the fragments, but Life itself is an excellent Odyssey. Its main-spring has temper. No child has the urge to loosen its rivets.

¶ Behold the day arrives when we look upon event and think: "What an odd thing to happen!" It does not occur to us why we think it odd. Carelessly we grasp that our philosophy has known no item precisely like this startlement. Something New has challenged us. And Life gains a question-mark. No longer may we play at it. It has to be examined.

¶ So situations stress us. Disappointment scars us. Witching flesh stays with us its Little Moment, then Memory counts its rosary. Fairies of Unborn Wishes are enticed from behind Hope's Sunset, to whisper to us in twilight of directions to mansions not built with forethought. And we view Life then with scowlings. It suddenly stretches as apart from ourselves. We are strangers in a strange land and we ponder why we travel there.

¶ The day comes when all that is the Soul is fighting an insurrection. The lodestone of knowledge is become a whetstone. We cry out for that which gives balm to our strivings. The Organ of Ordeal is playing full crescendo but only the Poet has voice for its accompaniment. And in that year, and in that hour, that we wonder about the strangeness of that which has surprised us, we have made our acknowledgment that we recognize Immortality.

¶ For if a Happening be eccentric, then must it fall outside the pattern of all things to date experienced. Things experienced—once, twice, thrice—no longer are eccentric. So all those things that give us no surprise, verily must we have met with, sometime,





somewhere. If indeed we have met them, sometime, somewhere, then must we have been immortal in advance of this mortality!

¶ It is trite to say that Immortality is but a stick with but one end to it. If there be an Afterward, so must there have been a deliberate Before. Behold there shall be many Afterwards, but each must know a Before in its essence—in the sublimer category of celestial endurances. And proof that this life is but one of the Afterwards, lies in the fact that the eccentric can adjure us.

¶ What is the strange face, the weird cry, the astounding happening, but that cache of Life that has not yet emptied for us the Golden Sack of its enhancements? Have we met the Unexpected? Then why should we not admit that in the exact degree that it appalls us we are partaking of Life that we may encompass New Virilities. And in that these involve us, why is it not an excellent conclusion that such is the purpose of Mortality as we visit it: to encompass those virilities and render the New familiar? Behold the New, rendered familiar, exterminates the Old, riding it down as a chariot that is ruthless.

¶ So we venture, not that we may Know but that we may Acquire. We do not live Life to react to excursionings but rather to determine fresh fencings about our functionings. The fact that we fling one question at Life, implies that in such measure we are lacking in sure maturities.

¶ There is a Pattern in these things, else how could we encounter them? We do not confront ordeal through caprice, or because the mosaic of Life is a brainstorm. There is a need that New things shall be Old, that each milestone's tenets ever journey with us, that we should roll up the Past as the stalk of a mountain and use it to grace the high pride of our statures.

¶ For the qualm, forsooth, is but a Golden Arrow on a vane, pointing toward those storms whose furies most shall profit us. To venture, to examine, to dare to endure, these project beautifully the harmonies of Life, the diviner mathematics that not only sound us the Sweet Chords of Confidence but show us why we play them.

¶ Have you an ordeal to face, my brother? Have you a night-tryst with pain, my sister? I tell you these are merely the whimsies of Eternity. When all the New Things shall be Old through the wondrous alchemies of hurt and endurance, then shall a New Star blaze in Spirit's firmament and fill Mad Space with strong symphonies from victories.

¶ That New Star shall be the Ego of Your Conquerings—and its radiance shall be tranquil, no matter what its brilliance.

¶ You have dared to live eagerly! That—at the last—is the great Self-Benevolence!





# RALPH WALDO EMERSON

BENJAMIN De CASSERES

From THE PHILISTINE, December, 1904



O the literati of an America that is passing, he was Ralph Waldo Emerson—"Emerson of Concord,"—father of Transcendentalism!

Ralph Waldo Emerson, of the eagle face and multiple soul! Ralph Waldo Emerson, bearer of glad tidings, scuttler of rotten ships, discoverer of the spiritual mother-lode! Ralph Waldo Emerson, carrying the shackled secrets of the East in the dungeon-keeps of his soul, his brain cells laden with chrism of light and in his hands the keys which were to unlock the doors against which the imprisoned Self had thundered for ages—how many have, with these thoughts in their souls, looked up to that name for assistance; and to how many in ages to come shall he be a lamp! ✿

He achieved the miraculous by disclaiming all belief in miracles. Miracles! Do we not welter in them? Is not the coming and going of my breath a miracle? The weeds in my garden shall be my miracle, and yon blue-misted hills—the thaumaturgy of my wondrous eyes—shall be a bubble blown from my dream-skull. We are tyrannized by the commonplace, and like polyps and puppies, are the slaves of reflex-action. The habitual has indurated us, and the days are drab because we allow ourselves to become mere dray horses. Emerson's soul was born anew every day, and his

fluid spirit melted the solid seeming world to a brain figment. The cameo dream of the ant and the unplumbed thought of God dwelt in that mind. A miracle? He smiled at the question—and pointed to the fly on the window-pane ✿



Transcendentalism is a big word that has frightened men, women, priests. It means that man is greater than the event, that nothing can happen to you, that you happen on things, that Fate is portable, and that every man comes into the world with his troubles ready-made ✿

Like the spider, every soul spins its own web. Everything pertains to the individual. Mount Sinai is within you. There is a Vatican of authority under the scalp. You are God in the making. The whole history of mankind is a picture of a ragged, pain-bitten tramp waiting in the anteroom of Time for an audience with the Man Behind the Arras. To crawl and cringe and fawn and fumble seem to have been man's chief occupation. Take the crook out of your back and out of your soul! cries Emerson. You wear cups in your knees praying to these senile gods. Up, and look at the heavens, and dare to say, "I am I," and I do what I do, and what I do not I do not do. Did I knead this dough? That is transcendentalism.



Most men are mere kitchen-hash; leavings of the gods; celestial junk. They desire above all things, that no one shall discover that they are masked. They are optimists because they dare not be anything else. Their heads are their stomachs intellectualized. They live in crevices, and when they scent danger they, like the turtle, draw in their heads—and this they call humility. For this counterfeit man, Emerson had the profoundest contempt. Oh! that we could plug a child's head at birth, as we do a melon, to find whether there is much or music within! We are "parlor soldiers" and most souls are bankrupt. Reverence is the salaam that defeat makes to achievement—and few natures rise as high as their instinct. We are wheedled by the lying days and our finest aspirations are post-prandial.



MAN'S brains are only attics stuffed with disused antiques, crumbling castles where bats whirr and the moths devour, or ghost-walks for ancestral sins.

Their gray matter is mayonnaise. Their souls are card-houses, their actions potporri, their triumphs as bilious as their failures.

Successful ragpickers all!

¶ This sleazy individual bulked and herded in our cities by the million, is the product of conformity. In "Self-Reliance" Emerson uttered his Declaration. The blessed lowly who cringe beneath the rod of Power, the jiggling ape without a tail, the saintly sentimental sots who utter their paternosters on Sunday and go snacks with the devil on Monday, Mrs. Grundy who lives next door to every man and woman—these are all labeled and flouted in this great essay—this Magna Charta of Self.

"Good or bad are but names readily transferable to this or that; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it." Morals are local; a cussword current in New York is counterfeit in Timbuctoo.

Our boasted virtues are accidents of physical organization; our highest dreams are but the reflex of a physical need. Charities spring from the philanthropic instincts, but they perpetuate the weak, who made war upon the gods of life, and with craft and guile, and law, and lamentation seduce them to their boudoir ideals. What is good? What is bad? asks Emerson. Was there ever a fulfilled action, a rounded deed, an ideal realized? Your best intentions are ground to powder in the mills of the mob and a good action grows mouldy in a day. Everything rusts, stales, changes; men are runners to an unstaked goal. Systems are but rope bridges to swing us over the yawning chasms of the contingent, and codes are cobwebs.

And what have I to do with consistency? asks Emerson. Each day is a finality. Sufficient unto the day is the consistency thereof. Tomorrow is x. My instincts do not say "by your leave." Neither shall my intellect. To-day I lie iceberg-like in the frozen zone of contemplation, and I dabble in strange secrets. Tomorrow I shall be the man of action and smile at my dilly-dallying with yesterday's Arctic moonshine. All things go in pairs; "all things are double, one against the other." We are the slaves of contrarities; our minds are but the proving-grounds of opposing theories. The brain is but a dramatic climax, where antagonistic laws struggle for mastery and where thoughts are twin-born—the same, but different. "Consistency!—the hobgoblin of little minds," indeed.

¶ God himself is not consistent. See His gypsy existence from protoplasm to brain dust. He is a metamorphic amorphous, an ever-changing God—vengeful, merciful, tender, stern, cruel, benignant, beautiful, forbearing, dynamic, and static: Zeus, Jehovah, Scarab, Manitou, Allah, Brahma—what names He takes. He is a reflection from those unsounded abysses of man—the brain cells, a shadow on the waters of



the spirit, heart mist; subtle hint. And He is born anew every hour.

How shall we who seek to live our lives withstand the wreckful siege of battering days? What measures shall we take to balk this conspiracy of the all against the one? To most men these questions are beside the mark. Breakfast, dinner and supper—and there you are. But there is a highly differentiated class in every community who seek answers to these questions. The Viking of Concord has an answer. Just be yourself. Hard? Well, so much the better. You will win so much more of yourself. Pray for enemies. All things noble are born in travail. Friction extracts the spark. Consciousness itself was born of the impact of the warring molecules. Necessity creates the organ it needs. If a man desires to be great he will be. Mere wishing is not desire. Most men wish to achieve themselves; few desire it. The soul is infinite, and Shakespeare lives in every man. Michael Angelo was yourself in different environment. Look within and battle without; drag-net the beautiful which lies quiescent at the bottom of every soul, and hammer the external commonplace to shape and use.

This is Emerson's esoteric secret—which he made exoteric. The divine sheathes all men. Mystery and beauty and power everywhere, and you—I—the hub of all! Infinity and eternity—Space and Time in transit; whatever was, whatever shall be, meet in your mind each moment. If they meet not there, pray, where then? Below us lie infinite steps—but we are the below; above us a ladder that is lost in the mystic canopy of impurpled exaltations—but we are the above. Arcturus is in your heart, and the heavens, the earth and the abysses beneath the earth are mind-mirage. Here and now, within, and nowhere else, is the golden fleece you seek. If you wish to see, close your eyes. The senses muffle the eternal truths, and we are lost in shadowy seemings *✠*

Life is Death on a furlough, and Time, like a mouse, nibbles at our edifices. Everything is deferred. Today wears no glamour; tomorrow is always a holiday. We never are; we are going to be—and so on a day we awake to find we have been swindled. Emerson divined the trick in youth and nailed the Everlasting Now above his door, and each moment brought its treasure, and no hour went by but he was not richer in spirit. He used grief, and ground pain beneath his iron-heeled soul. Life, with her ogres, her chicaneries, her hypocrisies, her seductions, slunk away shamefaced before that presence. For he knew a trick worth two of hers. He utilized the Now.



**STRAIGHT** line is the longest route between two given points. What we achieve, we achieve obliquely. Things come to us *en passant*. No man ever reached his goal by going straight toward it. His prizes come to him accidentally and unexpectedly. His dreams have one logic, life has another, and the way to be happy is not to desire to be. What I need I'll get, and if I don't get it, it merely proves that I didn't need it. Stand still and watch the stars tumble into your net. The immovable man is a magnet; the strenuous, hotly intent man is not even magnetic.

This is the underlying thought in that wonderfully brilliant essay, "Compensation." Everything is equalized; nothing is realized. For everything we get, something is taken away; for whatever is taken away, something is given. Gain or loss is impossible. For every expansion there is a contraction. There is a kernel of wisdom in every misfortune. In the husk of our failures lies buried the nut of knowledge. Each act pulls two ways, and all bottoms are false bottoms. No man is ever undone; he is obtuse—that's all. No soul can ever be lost.

Genius is defective on its social side;



the social animal is defective on the side of his genius. The poet misses the half of life; the merchant misses the other half. It is all one not to desire and to have, says Seneca. Those who are in place and wield power have doled out their souls for it; and those who stay at home and drowse by the grate have missed the exaltation of self-sowing. ¶ Sensuality has its secrets; sin is a training school; pain breeds art; adversity is the mother of strength—and a well-rounded character is one that has not been too good. Seesaw, tweedledum and tweedle-dee—all things are Janus-faced, and the contrarities of life are but thin masks for one power. The Same is spilled into a million matrices, and the lambent flame of the One spires into myriad shapes; but you cannot add to or subtract from it; you may change

the balances, but the quantity is unchangeable. "In Nature," says Emerson, "nothing can be given; all things are sold." You pay for all your goodnesses, and Nemesis keeps the tally-sheet ¶

System stringers seek to "place" Emerson. Was he this? Was he that? Was he t'other? As well try to systematize sunlight, or shunt star-shine, groove moonlight, or box East Aurora. His thought rounded the spheres; his dreams topped the Cosmos. He walks in ether and is part of the barred and crimson sunset; he flushes in the dawn and pales with the day. He is woven into our souls and his thought is blown round about our brains. With Socrates, Jesus, and Marcus Aurelius, he is an incorporate influence, a disembodied world-power.



## REALITIES

WHY are most angels of heaven masculine? Because the other kind are all on earth!



OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings the Lord may have ordained Truth. This is by no means saying that every sucker is not a liar!



MAN may have been created a little lower than the angels, but it's going to surprise a lot of folks how much less the angels know than some men.



OUTSIDE the Natural History Museum in New York is a hollowed stone from Egypt, said to be six thousand years old. It is half-filled with peanut shucks!

GOD may have spoken to Moses from the Burning Bush, but we only have the word of Moses for what was said!



THE OLD adage had it that Man is the noblest work of God. Remember, however, that it is man's opinion in the matter.



A LOT of ladies would like their memory-veils lifted just to make certain that they're not overlooking any karmic masculine bets!



IT took seven days for God to make the world. It has taken all the ages since for man to show how he might have improved on God's handiwork.





## EMERSON WAS FORERUNNER FOR THE LIBERATION DOCTRINE



IN BOSTON, Massachusetts, on the 25th day of May, 1803, was born a boy baby to people by the name of Emerson.

Seven generations of this boy's ancestors had been clergymen. So after the so-called Christian names of Ralph and Waldo had been duly bestowed on him at a christening — at which he probably did his share of infant yowling, as any self-respecting baby should to have a douche of cold water impinged on its small pink pate to save it from an infant damnation that did not exist—it was apparent that he had inherited a tradition of scholarship and heroic living that he was expected to sustain.

Little Ralph Waldo Emerson apparently knew few pleasures in his boyhood. Life in New England a hundred years ago was hard, hard. Besides, he was the son of a clergyman, and sons of clergymen are not permitted to throw rocks through the windows of Chinese laundrymen, tie tin-cans to dogs' tails, or put cows in the belfries of country school-houses on Hallowe'en Nights just to see how the selectmen will contrive to get them down.

Anyhow, little Ralph was quiet and studious, did not go about with the puckerstring of his blouse untied, never used the back of his wrist for a handkerchief, and always added "Sir!" and "Ma'am!" when addressing his elders.

He was not particularly brilliant in his school work but he did have the grit to do odd jobs and pay his way through Harvard. Those were the days when Harvard was a Gentile institution. Most of the best minds of the time graduated there, and then went forth to have the world teach them how much they didn't know.

In 1829—when this lad was but twenty-seven—he was ordained as minister to the Second Church of Boston. He married and settled down, apparently, to the same sort of life that had distinguished his ancestors.



AFTER three years of it, however, Emerson resigned.

Something was working in him that was difficult to explain. The forms and ceremonies of the church did not exactly bore him, rather they seemed horridly sterile and superficial to the increasing demands of his soul.

In the first place, being a scholar, he began to be troubled about the authenticity of theological origins.

He could do his own researching into antiquity, and it showed him that the human race had existed upon this earth—and known its ups and downs, its periods of prosperity and periods of Depression, its sequences of Peace, War, and Piffle—over tens of thousands of years before Christ ever appeared in



Galilee, or God confided to Moses that He had a chosen people, or men took to burning other men at the stake because of differences of opinion as to how many angels could dance on a needle-point.

For tens of thousands of years men believed in the gods—instead of in the One God—and Nature continued to send babies unto their wives every nine months, and the harvests grew and were gathered in, and the stars held to their courses without heavenly holocausts.

¶ The famous quarrel as between God and Man, which the Hebrews declared to have started back in the Garden of Eden and which ended—according to all the best theologians—when the Roman soldiers executed a challenger to the High Priest of Jerusalem on the Hill of Skulls in the year 29 A.D., seemed not to have affected the arrangements between Nature and all the rest of the race that hadn't heard about the squabble throughout those countless generations which had intervened.

Emerson observed that the so-called Infallible or Inspired Word of God had been rewritten as a book seven to nine times—by very human men—since the original manuscript was found mysteriously by Ezra the high priest behind the altar of the rebuilt temple at Jerusalem and presented to the elders by the crafty Jew with his tongue in his cheek.

Something was all wrong with this so-called religion of the moderns, that argued in one place that God had a chosen people—who could lie, steal, and cheat without injuring their preferred status in the slightest—and in another place that "God was no respecter of persons."

When called upon to baptize infants so that they wouldn't end in hell, Ralph Waldo apparently thought to himself with a sense of shock: "Even I, a mortal man, so choked full of Original Sin that I have within me the capacity for every crime, wouldn't consign this 'owling brat to Averness—why, I wouldn't push a puppy in a furnace or toss a kitten on top of a hot stove even

if somebody paid up the arrears in my salary! If I, being mortal, wouldn't do these things, then I must be a bit more moral and equitable in my spiritual stature than the God I'm supposed to worship and preach for. Something's screwy somewhere—yes, very, very screwy! Maybe in Europe I can find the answer."

So off to Europe went Ralph, where he showed himself far more interested in personalities than in the sort of sights usually looked for by tourists. There he met Carlyle—Tammas the Temeritous ✱

Tammas, in his inimitable Scotch way, having the proposition put up to him, said: "I dinna ken the sense of it, either. Sense and the devil keep out of the kirk. Religion is something to be believed, and theology is something for the dominies to argue. Mon, if there be no theology, however would the dominies support all their bairn?"

And there the matter rested. But Carlyle's vigorous thinking, and wholesome Scotch skepticism, made a profound impression upon the mind of the young Boston minister.

When he came home, in 1835, he was responsible for bringing out Carlyle's books in America, where they had a greater sale than in England, and a life-long correspondence was carried on between the friends.

Emerson went over to Concord and took up his residence in the Old Manse.

¶ A karmic group of compatriots had come into life about that time and the Lodestone of Destiny drew them one by one to the Concord vicinity.

The Concord Group began to THINK!

¶ And soon 'ell was to pay with Bostonese orthodoxy.



OR the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, Emerson composed the hymn that was read on April 19, 1836, beginning with the immortal lines: "By the rude bridge that arched the flood;



their flag to freedom's breeze unfurled; 'twas here the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard 'round the world!" ✱

There were no Jewish Reds in his audience to shout back "Horsefeathers!" and so Ralph became famous.

He started doing lecturing, became interested in gardening, bought several tracts of land, and studied Nature rather than books. Then all of a sudden, something happened to him.

He went psychic on himself!

He became clairaudient in those days when Clairaudience was not known for what it was. In other words, in the ex-minister's quiet study in that little village backwater outside of Boston, he discovered that Thoughts came into his brain without him having to go to the deliberately conscious trouble of thinking them. It seemed as though a brain—a personage—outside and above himself, was dictating to him. He reached for paper and wrote down the sentences ✱

Presently three books appeared over his mortal signature—one at a time—the first a slender volume entitled "Nature," then "Essays," then "Self-Reliance" ✱

The Concord villagers bought copies up in Boston, believing of course that local talent should be encouraged. They brought them home, untied the string and—being thrifty New Englanders—carefully folded away the paper. Each and severally they settled themselves in the depths of comfortable New England rockers to read what the local minister had written.

They had not read far when spectacles went askew, mouths fell open, feet came down on the floor, and shrillings of protest were heard in sundry homesteads ✱

What was this young parson over in the Manse saying but that he refused to believe that man was a worm of the dust, but that the soul was a Divine Fragment capable of attaining to all knowledge, that Nature was a gigantic

shadow of God, able to unlock powers of energy as well as of wisdom, and that God—by such means—is capable of teaching the soul directly, today, as He did in the days of patriarchs.

It was a perfectly scandalous thing for staid New Englanders to be told that each man builds his own world, casting aside external authority and all traditions ✱

Couldn't the selectmen do something about it?



HE Selectmen couldn't do anything about it, but the scandalmongers did!

They gave it out that the minister was screwy ✱

¶ "The poor man's mind has become turned, with so much application to his books," they lamented. "He gets up there alone in his study and says that Voices talk to him. He puts down what they say, and it contradicts the Trinity."

But they had hard work making anyone but themselves believe that Emerson had the festive bats in his personal church-steeple when Harvard called upon him to make an address and he responded with his "American Scholar" ✱

In that address he put Nature as first of the influences on the scholar's development. He was referring to Natural Spiritual Powers, of course, but the brainstrapped savants of his day didn't grasp it ✱

The second influence, said he, was the Mind of the Past, able to inspire and to call forth latent powers, though not to dominate the active soul. St. Paul said something to the same effect, only his language was less veiled. Paul put it: "Test ye the spirits to see that they be of God."

The third influence, said Emerson, should be Action, since the idea that scholarship means seclusion from the world is wrong. The scholar must guide men by showing them realities beneath appearances. He must be free



and brave. So shall he hope to make a nation of MEN.

The American Scholar Address had no sooner scored, than Dartmouth wanted him to come up to Hanover and shoot a few Cosmic Hypodermics into its moribund faculty.

At once Emerson undertook to supplement his ideas, especially the belief that the chief duty of the educated man is to project his own soul into the universe—the past, the realm of external nature, the realm of active life—and so realize his own divine personality.

Here was a new creed and it portended ducks and drakes for the smug cosmology that denied the existence of man's soul prior to that night on Calvary, and assumed that the spiritual history of man began with that first Eastern morning in the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea.

The theme of "Self-Reliance" showed the direct relation between man and divinity, cutting away dependence on party, creed, travel, books, and worldly ideas of success.

In the "Over-Soul" he gave an amplification of a paragraph in "Self-Reliance"—of which the kernel is to the effect that "we lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth."

"But what about being a worm of the dust?" shrieked the preachers. "Man ate of the apple-tree in the Garden of Eden and got himself cursed——"

"Applesauce!" said Emerson. "The Soul of the Whole comes to life in us, if we but accredit its existence, and performs in the wise silence and the universal beauty."

"There is no universal beauty," contradicted the preachers. "There is only Sin, Sin, Black Sin!—Horrible Iniquity!—Unspeakable Depravity! We tell you we shall have our Sin. Don't talk to us about the Wise Silence and the Universal Beauty. In three shakes of a goat's tail you will have us out of jobs."

¶ But Emerson stuck to his well-mag-

netized study and let the Voice instruct him ✠

"Personality is the concentration of experience in moments of illumination," he recorded. "A law is but a memorandum. Not riches nor territories but MEN form the highest end of government. There is danger in 'undertaking for another.' . . . Only Man and the World Spirit remain and their union is the sole value in life."

These ideas, and others related to them, were developed in a series of essays unique for their inspiring idealism.

Thus Transcendentalism was born.

When it was so named, the parsons breathed easier. No new religion with such a name could make much progress. The joke of the matter is, that Transcendentalism is today coming into its own in the exact ratio that the old Fundamentalist doctrines based on a senseless theological quarrel between God and man are losing out, proving sterile, and losing devotees.

In their despairing bigotry that this is so, pastors are striving to make good the sterility by sponsoring the Communist doctrines of the Anti-Christ or going in for "social service"—whatever that may be—and gymnasiums in the basement of the parish house.

It would all be comic if it wasn't so tragic. Take away the famous Quarrel and give humanity Transcendentalism, and God and man would "get along fine" ✠ Emerson's body died in 1882 and God called a Thinker to come back to where he was appreciated.

But a lot of people began to wonder if all the pother about God yapping with man about filching His garden fruit wasn't being a bit overdone.

Besides, what difference did it make? Emerson had introduced a Basic Truth to American humanity in the Bostonese Manner and the yeast of discontent had been implanted in Yankee orthodoxy without the preachers noting it.

It was the beginning of the Aquarian Dispensation in matters spiritual, and Emerson blazed the trail that led into it.





## "WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE, O MAN: TAKE IT, AND PAY THE PRICE!"



EMERSON'S philosophy of Transcendentalism was not recognized as the forerunner of the great new Aquarian religion because he did not let people

suspect that it was a religion at all. In the first place, it wasn't introduced to society as the result of its progenitor having any sort of Theophany, or divine revelation or supra-natural experience causing him to found it.

At least if Emerson had any such experience, he never mentioned it in his writings *✿*

Certainly he had a Doctrine that was a radical departure from the orthodoxy of his day, but he kept it up on the high plane of an ethical philosophy.

He did not attempt to show where God or Man came from, why man was here in earth-life, or what made the wheels of the Universe go 'round, aeon after aeon. He merely said: "This is the profit to your spirit if you stop thinking of yourself as a worm of the dust and accept that you are as divine as God!"

¶ Folks could say that the man was audacious, and in a medieval age he might have been burned for blasphemy. But they could find no fault with him for merely making gentle philosophical recommendations.

It is your fanatic with rabid eye, tocsin tongue, and fiat manner—who has had a few psychical experiences which he doesn't understand and who thinks him-

self an agent of God in consequence—who makes hash of sects and cults, overturns dynasties, and makes of himself such a nuisance that the authorities have to stone him.

Emerson wasn't a crusader. He wasn't obsessed with remodeling the thinking and behaving of the world in a single generation. He was simply a Recorder of Transcendental Tenets and kept his mouth shut as to how they reached him.

¶ The Concord School of Philosophy had something of the tranquility of a Greek pateo in the time of Aristotle.

People were willing to listen to what he had to say so long as he gave the impression that it was himself who was thinking it before he said it. If he had prefaced some of the immortal epigrams in "Self-Reliance" or "Compensation" with the ultimatum "Thus saith the Lord!" he would either have gotten himself ridden out of Concord on a rail, discovered a committee of psychiatrists waiting on him, or had temples put up unto him whilst he was still in flesh.

When you expect to found a new religion, you want to set about it as a grim and well-publicized business. You want to tell 'em you are bringing 'em a new religion and dare 'em to martyr you. They will then accept your challenge, and a thousand years later—because they are a bit ashamed of what they did to you—they will lift you to the status of a god and whoever effects



to interpret you will have his great toe kissed by humanity in a queue.

A religion without the trappings of Religion is merely a philosophy, anyhow. And this being a world in which one man's opinion is no better or worse than another's, Mere Philosophers are considered privileged persons and nothing worse happens to them than dying by the route of the hemlock cup.



EMERSON'S whole attitude and philosophy toward life—or the philosophy which his mentors expressed to humanity through him—is contained in the colossal but simple adjuration: "What wouldst thou have, O Man? Then take it, and pay the price!"

¶ Emerson told the New Englanders of a hundred years bygone that this was a universe of exact Compensation. But he said it in the idealistic manner.

Moses, being a Jew, had said the same thing in the vindictive manner: An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

Humanity has been living the tenets of the Divine Compensation, since the first volcano outside Eden kept the inhabitants of the Garden awake o' nights. But only Christ and Emerson bethought to present this truth in the affirmative and attractive manner.

You get out of life precisely what you put into it, no more, no less.

You never get out of life what some other person puts into it. At least if you do, you will ultimately have to square accounts with that person though the settlement is delayed till a thousand years come Michaelmas.

This is a universe of exact balance. Action and reaction are forever equal. For every positive there is an adequate negative. For every hour of sorrow or misfortune which your life has ever known, there is a full sixty minutes of happiness and prosperity. You may not have lived all of those latterly hours

yet, but you have them coming to you and you will not quit the surface of this planet until you have experienced them.

¶ Jesus put the same truth in still another way when He said: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return unto you."

We overlook the messy state of waterlogged bread in the truer grasp of the immortal and irrefutable concept He was seeking to impress on us.

Emerson said in essence: "There is not, and cannot be, such a thing as a vicarious atonement, because the person who truly profits from an atonement is the person who makes it. The person who does the suffering is the person who reaps the gains from the suffering, never the one who physically escapes it. If you want to feel the true increment of the Christian religion, get yourself crucified as quickly and savagely as possible!"



HERE is likewise an aggressive aspect to Compensation, and Emerson phrased its moral fecundities as well when he said: "What wouldst thou have, O Man? Then take it, and pay the price!" There is a price to be paid for everything. So long as men and women are strictly conscientious about compensating for what they receive or enjoy, the world proceeds with a passable lubrication.


Most of society's troubles and ills come about because someone, somehow, somewhere, is seeking to short-cut and get something for nothing.

Even the Christian religion itself is deep in the breakers of Yiddish Bolshevism at this moment because its cornerstone as laid by the sentimentalists has been "Jesus paid it all!" instead of the seurer supplication: "God, make my future hard!"

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred turn to God and cry: "Father, take this Cup of Bitterness from me!"

The fact that the Cup is bitter to them,



discloses that something is deficient within themselves, that they lack the moral stamina to quaff it. And so long as they lack the moral stamina to quaff it, just so long should it be held to their lips 

The man who cries sincerely: "Go ahead, God! Give me the works! . . . I'll show You that I can take it as well as dish it out!" usually makes the astounding discovery that there is little or nothing that he needs to take.

Having grown the strength to withstand anything that Life turns up and hurls at his head, he is scarcely aware that brickbats are brickbats.


The strange part about Mortality is, that people come into it to learn to dodge the brickbats—or at least not permit the brickbats to injure them—and then think that God is very negligent, and callous in regard to their tender cuticle, if occasionally a cobble hits them in the eye.

They run about with their black inglorious lamp thrust out at an angle of forty-five degrees, poking it into everybody's face, and wailing lachrymosely: "Oh look what God did to me! Isn't He the meany, I ask you?"

In the realm of romance we still have another demonstration of the Compensation principle aggressively rendered: We say that no man is loved so frantically as the one who is wholesomely impervious as to whether he happens to be loved or not.

The woman who is forever sobbing for affection is usually the one who gets the least of it.

And in the realm of secular gains, the man or woman who sincerely and determinedly wants a thing isn't kept back by Circumstance from having it.

"But you must pay for it!" says Cosmos 

"If you show your willingness to pay for it, you disclose your eligibility to possess it."

"Fair enough," says the Enlightened Individual, "then between the two of us, I greatly desire to possess my neigh-

bor's squaw. How do I pay for obtaining her?"

"Don't worry," says Cosmos, "you'll pay all right. If once you take her, you'd better keep going. And prepare to keep in movement—and know no tranquillity or cessation—every moment that she's with you. Her warrior-brave, with a twelve-gauge shotgun, will see that the price is exacted to the farthing."

"But this squaw's warrior owns no shotgun—not even a quiver of arrows nor a bow. And he couldn't hold to the trail of a cow with rickets. His own feet don't track, his eyes are myopic, and his heart-trouble stops him if he even tries to climb the attic stairs!"

"Perhaps," says Cosmos. "But have you given proper thought to the lady herself? The greatest price you might be called to pay for her is the crass fact of getting her. She looks lovely and desirable to you now, dusting off the opposite steps in a dainty frock, but wait till she sits across the table from you for a couple of thousand meals and harkens to you chew. Instead of front steps, she might then dust off the table cloth and take all the dishes with it. Or you might come home on some melancholy eve and discover her gone with the Handsomer Man. If she vamoosed once with you, she might have it in her to vamoose again."



COMPENSATION is compensation. You can have what you think you want, but never in ten thousand years can you manage to dodge the payment. And

you'd better make up your mind that the things you think you want are worth the prices asked for 'em!

Cosmos, the Mighty Merchant, may run his charge-accounts. Yet he never chalks down what you owe him on the stovepipe where you can sneak in o' nights and affect to rub it off.

Emerson called all this to the attention of the American Mind, in Concord, back



in 1836. There was nothing particularly new about it excepting the aesthetic manner in which the Sage of Concord said it. Just as Vibration keeps the balance in the natural world, so the so-called Moral Law keeps the balance in the spiritual world—or the career of man's spirit.

But Emerson held out to people of the philosophical turn of mind the Finished Product from the cosmic machinery. He gave them no glimpses or indications of the existence of the machinery itself ✱

It was not his role to do it. Besides, there are people who don't go for machinery.

It all boils down to this—

You think, perchance, that you are in one mell of a hess at present. Life is an ordeal and Kismet is a quince. You hold such notions because the very deficiencies that breed them are ordering that your situation be precisely what it is ✱

You are not exactly weak. You are not yet unfolded to that point of moral courage where you can cease being so grievously affected by Life's conditions as they gang up around you.

But unfoldment does not come by simply enduring a situation, steeling yourself to bear it, remaining indolently in the face of it and calling it Patience, or thinking that because you had it coming to you there is nothing to do but grin and bear it.

When you look at your plight with clear eyes, understand what wrought it, correctly estimate what it will cost you to get out of it, and deliberately decide that the price is worth paying, in that definite moment your plight drops away from you.

It drops away from you because ten to one you start putting forces to work that make for its remedy.

The fact that you were given brains, initiative, reasoning powers, will, and the ability to act, presupposes that you are under obligation to employ them. If

you were not to employ them, why have you been endowed with them?

We are under just as much obligation to utilize Initiative as we are to practise Patience, but it must be an intelligent initiative and exercised with the fullest recognition of all the cosmic laws and conditionings involved.

When you pray sincerely: "God, make my future hard!" you are truly praying: "God, show me opportunities to demonstrate the strength I propose to exhibit so that I no longer recognize whether my future is hard or soft."

You don't ask that the wind be tempered to the shorn lamb that is yourself. You exclaim: "Fiddlesticks with the temper of the wind!—I propose to grow the cuticle to endure it."

And strange to say, you do grow the cuticle ✱

If you snivel, and cower, and complain to the neighbors or to God when you should be weighing the factors making for your dilemma and making deliberate decisions in the light of wholesome-minded conclusions, then you have no one but yourself to blame for your distress, blaming it on karma is a silly alibi, and you may be defecting on the prenatal brevet that included precisely your plight in order that you should develop sagacity and courage in the getting out of it. Moreover you may be making a cosmic nuisance of yourself into the bargain.

The moment you understand a dilemma, or the causes making for it, it ceases to be one.

It becomes then a Sufferance.

You pay the price for it because somehow or other you are getting enhancements. If you refuse to pay the price of it, then the enhancements are no longer worthy of the prices that they cost. But in any event, your dilemma has vanished.

And Emerson was the apostle of it in the aesthetic Concord Manner!

Get out your essay on "Self-Reliance" and read it afresh!





## HOW DOES INITIATIVE APPLY TO DISCHARGE OF KARMA?

**I**T WOULD seem to be a sterile business to go to a man or woman who is in a mess and expect to win their endorsement for a doctrine by informing them they probably had the mess coming to them anyhow, but as soon as they get into a state of mind where they don't care much whether they are in a mess or not, the mess will vanish.

They have the right to retort: "What difference will it make, after I have attained to such a state of mind, whether or not the mess continues or doesn't continue? You are simply asking me to do a mental stunt—so anesthetize myself in regard to the afflictions of life that I no longer sense them. I can do that now, without pothering around in a maze of metaphysics. I can, as a matter of fact, go out and get drunk. That too will put me into a state of mind where the mess no longer exists for me—and I don't have to do any work beyond bending my elbow. What I want to know is: how long must I endure this thing that has afflicted me, and why shouldn't I get relief from it while it afflicts me? Arriving at a state of indifference is no 'out' and telling me that I'll be well-loved when I don't care much about love, is a fool philosophy."

¶ So argues the man who misses the point of karma and its discharge entirely, putting the whole plight in which he finds himself—and escape from it—

into the category of attaining to a State of Mind.

**N**OW it is by no means a bad proposition to attain to a proper state of mind—providing anybody can say what it is but the professional Nice-Thought Thinkers—but what we are discussing in talking about the correct discharge and vanishment of karmic quandaries is not any state of mind but a complete evolution or renovation of the character.

We are talking about viewing quandaries so objectively that we can no longer be affected by them subjectively. ¶ We are discussing the proposition of so imbibing and absorbing—consciously and constructively—the increments from any karmic lesson so rapaciously and amply that the character-need, causing the karmic situation in the first place, no longer is of moment.

We commonly call such absorption the Discharge of Karma.

Our karma dictates that we enter upon a given program of events, or even set of passing circumstances, because we require the spiritual profits sure to come from experiencing them. We go through with the business. The instant we have gained such profits, there is, of course, no longer need in logic for the situation to endure. So we end it.

Sometimes this termination is brought



about by the little-recognized activity of our own subconscious minds. Sometimes it is brought about by the activity of the minds—subconscious or otherwise—of those persons who have been associated parties in making the dilemma. Sometimes we reach a downright rebellion at circumstances and make up our minds, consciously and deliberately, that we are going to face a change. Whatever the method is that becomes employed, the result arrived at is the same *✿*

Becoming "fed up" with any given situation means that it has imparted to us all the spiritual increment it had to impart to us.

We sense intuitively, as it were, just when we have done all that was expected of us in a given complication. We know to a hair's breadth just when Compensation is overbalancing Obligation. We may continue in the situation after such recognition is arrived at, but it will ever be under protest.



**W**HAT we are interested in examining at the moment is: What part does the deliberate exercise of Initiative play in Karma and its discharge? If we feel that we are in a situation that has a karmic basis, how far is it equitable for us to go, in taking thought and striving to mitigate its harsher effects upon our spirits?—"make the situation tolerable" is the way we might put it.

Let us handle the question in a concrete pattern. Let us be specific as to illustration and take the case of a personable girl who in her younger years and before her bump of worldly sophistication was in any way developed, has had an adolescent love affair with a boy, married him upon a more or less physical basis, perhaps given him children, and then—after she has seen more of the world and life—confronted the heart-rending question as to whether she is fated to this sterile union for the rest of her mortal years?

The man may be a good sort. He may, to the best of his limited ability, have tried to make a home for her, support it decently, and do his part as a faithful husband. His shortcomings are of the head, rarely of the heart. He simply is degenerating into a stodgy, middle-aged man, with few illusions and no ambitions, content to drift with the tide of life and do his best, whereas the wife realizes that she has natural capabilities cutting her out for something bigger and more significant than mere wife to a nondescript.

Such a woman, seeking solace spiritually for the abrasions from her predicament, gets into contact with some esoteric teacher.

"Your predicament is karmic," says the latter, judging purely from the surface indications. "You made a pact with this man to be his wife before coming into life. Certainly you are brighter than he is, mentally. You could undoubtedly make something of your life if you were detached from him and free to work out your own salvation. But until you absorb all the lessons that are to be gained from your humdrum situation, it is going to continue. This man needs you to mentor him and help him. If you don't do your job by him now, you will find yourself doing it in some future life, so what difference does it make?" *✿*

"But," protests the woman, "I really don't know consciously what the lessons are that I'm supposed to learn from going on in this depressive predicament. You tell me that so long as I have need of the lessons, and so long as this man seems to depend on me, my role must maintain. But meanwhile, from the spiritual standpoint, I'm going crazy. My home is a prison. I'm ossifying mentally. If there's spiritual gain in that, I want to be shown it. What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

"Take a month's vacation," advises the other. "Go off and get a perspective on the whole of it."

The wife does so. She visits a girl-



hood friend in a distant city. One evening the girlhood friend gives a party in her honor. Among the guests is a man whom the wife has never set eyes on before—at least in this life. Yet the instant he steps through the door, and is introduced, our woman under discussion feels a thrill in her heart. It seems as though she has known this man always. He is more intimate to her spirit than the husband with whom she has lived a decade. Before an hour has passed, she realizes in alarm that she—a respectable married woman—has fallen in love with a comparative stranger at first sight. She seeks her bed that night in a tumult. She feels that it would be a form of legalized prostitution for her to resume habitation with the man she married so thoughtlessly in the romance of immaturity ✿

As the novelists and scenario writers say: A Situation develops!

She does not return home. She sees the stranger-who-is-not-a-stranger again and again. What she imagines as her former moral code, begins to break down. It comes to her that life thereafter will never be the same if she has to put this man deliberately from her life. Perturbingly enough, the man in the case, feels the same way about herself ✿

What shall they do?

"You'll have to divorce your husband," he suggests, "and marry me."

"But I can't," she wails. "I've no grounds for the divorce excepting that John is simply the Wrong Man."

In her despair she hunts up the metaphysician and relates what has happened ✿

"You probably have known this Man Number Two intimately in one of your former lives," he conjectures. "Perhaps he's your spiritual counterpart. That's all quite explainable. But until your karma is discharged in regards to John, you probably won't find ways opening to divorce him and be happy

henceforth with the man more adapted to you."

"But when shall I know when my karma is discharged in regards to John?" she insists. It is no adolescent romance or infatuation with her this time. She knows who she wants and precisely why she wants him.

"I can't tell you that," he responds, "seeing that it is your own affair entirely. Anything I might say would probably influence your own discrimination in the matter. I can't take your karma upon myself by making direct suggestions."

"Then what good is a knowledge of metaphysics to me?" the woman wants to know. "I'm in a mess and want to get out of it. You tell me I can't get out of it till my karma is discharged with John and I've arrived at a spiritual condition where I'm indifferent as to whether Alfred marries me or not. I may know a mass of esoteric principles, but if I can't apply them consciously to solving this situation, what do they get me? I might as well know nothing of esoterics and go it as blindly as any woman of the streets."




ERE is one of the most trite Triangle Situations that exists in human life. If it does not develop from a woman meeting the Other Man, then it

develops from a man meeting the Other Woman. To tell such people, in such a domestic quandary, that so long as they rebel at remaining stifled in their domestic lives, they have karmic need for the stifling and the situation will not—or should not—terminate until they have become calloused or indifferent to it, is to give them no consolation that profits the spirit.

Besides, it is a wholly incorrect interpreting of the principle involved.

In the first place, the truly astute metaphysician would never tell such a woman that her situation with her first husband was karmic to start with.



Unless he has made deep researches into her prenatal memory, there is no way by which he knows with authority whether that relationship was karmic or not 

Merely because a man and a woman have come together and married, no more postulates karma between them—that is, the factual working-out of effect from causes arising in previous lives and compensating in kind—than karma is postulated by two friends meeting on the street and one agreeing for friendship's sake to help the other paint a fence, or answer a heavy correspondence, or endorse a note.

Such marriages—and we are told, all marriages—are more or less prenationally arranged for. But prenatal arrangements as to mortal relationships may be made without the underlying purpose behind them being the paying off of anything in kind.



HE wise metaphysician would diagnose such a Triangle Situation as being what might be termed Incidental Karma, or cause and effect in this current life based upon the incident of a propinquitous romance. Meaning this—

Such a woman as we have described, by the very nature of her broader viewpoint and wider interests in the affairs of life, is essentially in mortal existence to aid or mentor those less advanced in spiritual unfoldments than herself. Her brevet in life is one of altruistic help unto anyone or all of those with whom she may be cast into contact.

The mediocre man in such cases appeals to such a woman from the galvanizing of her maternal instincts. She is fundamentally fearless in the face of life and its demands upon her, and shrinks from no situation which calls for her understanding service. She met this man, youthful though she was at the time physically, and married him because she sensed his need of her.

She would have married any personable man who happened along under similar circumstances and exhibited a similar need at that particular period.

Of course the intimacies of matrimony in the meantime have drawn them together after a fashion, but the fact that she has developed a great dissatisfaction or withering boredom in the continuing relationship, indicates to the wise cosmic psychologist that she has ceased to receive spiritual enhancements herself, even from the act of her mentorship.

This fact in turn indicates that she has done all for that man which she feels capable of doing, and anything further continued in that regard is a sort of waste of her time and personality. The fact that the husband has become stodgy, phlegmatic, and complacent toward her and her services to him, likewise indicates that he too has ceased to imbibe spiritually, and what started out as commendable and profitable relationships between the two has now degenerated—or is degenerating—into a profitless stalemate.

Such marriages “go on the rocks” as a natural and normal denouement because, having nothing to sustain them, there is no spiritual warrant why they should continue.

They are not marriages, anyhow, but legalized cohabitations.

Real marriages are the union of Spiritual Complement with Spiritual Complement, that has endured and been repeated over countless lives, where the man and woman partners are literal halves of the completed Soul Whole.

Such people never tire of one another's company, never cease to imbibe spiritually from one another, and would no more consider going out of one another's lives than they would consider parting with a hand or foot.

For our woman in question to consider that she must “serve her karma” with John, when in her soul of souls she feels no karma toward him—and John is too stupid anyhow to know what karma is to begin with—and permit the situation



to go on till death or open infidelity on John's part effects her matrimonial release, would be the sheerest cosmic mischief ✿



HERE we get the application of the correct cosmic law, constructively and wholesomely, in the foregoing situation, is in being able to recognize just what the prenatal program arranged for, how far it applies in a continuing relationship—that is, how long such relationship is supposed to continue—what the concrete profits from it are supposed to be, when it may be conscientiously and not capriciously terminated, and what methods may be employable to bring it to its end.

Anesthetizing a person's mind to endure a given situation never yet worked a cure that was wholesomely lasting. The product, or condition, resulting is vicious Repression.

Knowing precisely what factors are involved, knowing Conscience for what it is and the role it plays in such a dilemma, looking at the point of true spiritual morals in all sincerity and constructiveness, and then deciding to continue in a given line of action until a given quandary has been untangled with intelligence . . . this is what is implied by the impersonality that raises a person above all hecklements of circumstance ✿

And Initiative plays its part in solving such quandary quite as much as Patience ✿



INITIATIVE is the business of giving constructive thought to a challenging situation and taking aggressive action in full recognition of all the values having a bearing on the outcome. Initiative, like patience, is always positive. It presupposes that whether the dilemma be economic, domestic, or abstractly moral, it commands a sympathetic

treatment by the reasoning faculties and a decision rendered as to what is best to do to arrive at a better condition. If such were not true, why has humankind been given such faculties at all?

Too many people hold the idea that everything their lives and careers comprise is karmic. If a wheel comes off their automobile, it is karmic. If a rich aunt dies and forgets to mention them in her will, it is karmic. If they reach up for a patent medicine and take down a bottle of toilet water—drinking the same to the great beautification of their insides but not to their tummy's tranquility—it is karmic.

All of which is nothing of the sort. We start karma into operation when we willingly and knowingly do things which we feel that we shouldn't, which hinder or prostitute the spiritual growth of others, or receive values from them for which we neglect to compensate.

Such people forget that there has to be a time when karma starts—in this life as well as in past lives. People may easily be manufacturing new karma for themselves with every present day that passes. Initiative in its true sense, properly exercised, well might halt the manufacture of such new karma—if the truth could be foreseen.

If, therefore, karma is made willingly and knowingly, it can be forestalled or nipped willingly and knowingly as well.

¶ Let us suppose our woman decided that she had to forego marrying Alfred, return to John and sink into a spiritless and lustreless existence as the wife of a hopeless nondescript.

All her spiritual faculties rebel, of course. She becomes short-tempered, slovenly, vindictive, envious of friends whose future is more inspiring. Everyone with whom she comes into contact turns aside from her with a disquieting shadow cast upon their worthwhile ambitions and illusions. She gradually disintegrates into a destructive social influence in the circles wherein she moves. Suddenly one night, in her own soured pique, she decides that if she can't have



happiness neither shall her daughter—and she finds excuses for smashing the said daughter's lovely romance.

That is making new karma with a vengeance and the results of it must be paid in kind. What then, has her sacrifice brought her in practical ennoblement? ✿



ALL of this is by no means counsel to those married people, bored by the commonalty of an uneventful matrimony, to start forth looking for some new personality—male or female—to give them thrills. People who still have true karma to pay off toward one another in the matrimonial relationship, usually do stick together till it is run—and sometimes beyond.

What is being arrived at, is the more constructive diagnosis of a case where a woman-person is perplexed as to how far she should endure an insufferable situation, and what her mental attitude should be in the matter of its continuance or disintegration.

We "stand up to situations" because deep down in our subconscious minds we are carrying about with us the most minutely worked-out and acknowledged program of what our individualistic life-errands should comprise. When we depart from them wilfully or capriciously, a strange distress ensues.

We call it Conscience.

But Conscience is truly a self-upbraidment that we have shown a tendency to depart from the prenatal program allotted to ourselves, or agreed upon by ourselves, to get the lesson from life which we dared mortality to get.

We speak of a "hardened Conscience" when what we truly mean is "a disregarded Life Pattern" or a moral defecation unto ourselves to take the longer and more permanent gains in lieu of the profits or satisfactions that appeal at the moment.

No two people's cases are precisely alike, but the Greater Laws ruling the

social cosmos are inexorable and are in existence to bring order out of chaos in human affairs.

There is an old adage, and a wholly mischievous one, that says: "What you don't know won't hurt you." But the exact opposite is true. It's the things that you don't know that do hurt you. When you know consciously, you take care to avoid the conditions making for the hurt. And esoteric fundamentals do just that! When deliberately accredited and employed, they settle dilemmas without the distresses attending on ignorance. They are revealed to man to make life easier, not to make it hard. But man must utilize them.

Instead of asking ourselves the blind question: "What ought I to do?" or "How long should I put up with this or that?" the more proper question should be: "What are the factors involved in my predicament, and when I recognize and balance them, will deliberate action taken bring me the spiritual exercise and moral wholesomeness I seek?" ✿

Always remember that Life is proposing situations, almost hour on hour, which test and try us to ascertain how much we have gained in spiritual unfoldment from all the experiences we have endured to the moment.

Clean, constructive Thinking, wedded to conscious Patience, is the key that unlocks every quandary and points the way from the Dilemma's labyrinth.

There may be such a thing as consciously and deliberately ending karma as well as consciously or deliberately manufacturing new.

But so long as there is doubt in the mind, or the factors are hazy, STAND PAT! ✿

Life has a way of making its true adjustments by the denouement of circumstances ✿

Perhaps the denouement of circumstances will indicate the correct Life Pattern to be followed when Initiative has done its best and the heart remains stalwart! ✿





## HOW TO GAIN FIRST INKLINGS OF YOUR TRUE LIFE ERRAND



CONSIDERING the subject elementally, the science of Numerology sheds more light on the past history of the individual soul, its attainments and unfoldments to the moment, and the purposes for which it entered into Mortality in the present span, than any other resource available to us in a form that is as convenient and facile as it is positive.

Astrology and Palmistry may have their points, but the interpretation of their significances in the last analysis depends more or less upon the perspicuity of the astrologist or palmist. Numerology, on the other hand, is plain cosmic mathematics. Just as two plus two will always and forever make four, whether the addition is done by a Socrates or a lunatic, so the expressions of Character and Mortal Intent in any given life will always "add up" the same when the Factors of Vibration are present to an equal degree and whether they apply to one person or ten thousand.

To find out what the Character epitomizes in its cosmic endowments up to any given life—that is, what experiences of many lives have wrought as a character-effect—we examine the numerological significances of the name.

To find out what the Mortal Intent is—for the current career—or what the present Life Program prescribes as more cosmic instruction through rigors of ex-

periencing, we examine what we term the Birth-Path or Life-Path as indicated to us by the year and month and day of birth.

Persons born on given days of the year and month have apparently keyed themselves to the operating-vibration of that year and month for most of their current mortal careers. If we know a few simple and elemental facts about the nature of the operating-vibration, we can get rough but dependable indication of what sort of lives they will live—and which, when so lived, will supply them with a reasonable amount of spiritual gratification.

The most common practise among Numerologists for arriving at the Life Path and getting its significance as cue to the career, is to add the digits of the year to the number of the month in the year, then to these two add the number of the day within the month. When the sum is arrived at, add its digits again to reduce them to the lowest common denominator, between One and Nine.

To illustrate—as we did last month—for the benefit of those hearing of this subject for the first time, suppose that a man has been born on the 15th of April in the year 1879. Adding the figures in the birth-date crosswise, we find that the year 1879 adds up to 25. April is the fourth month in the year, so we add the 4 to the 25 and get 29. The birthday falling on the 15th gives us the figure 15 to add to 29—or 44. To get the



numerological significance of the man's Life-Path, we thereupon add the double 4's of forty-four and get 8. Our man is on an "Eight" Life-Path.

At once, if we have a reasonable working-knowledge of the significances of 8, we recognize the type of life which that man is supposed to live to give him maximum spiritual satisfaction and afford him greatest profit in line with what was prescribed for him—or what he prescribed for himself—before entering into the Octave of Mortality.



OW as described last month in the article in this publication on Numerology, the numbers from One to Nine are divided into three sets of three numbers each, indicating three cycles or three octaves that qualify or classify the types of mortal activity that are lived by all persons.

If a person's Birth-Path, or Life-Path, figures out to a 1, 2, or 3, he will be found to express himself as an actionist person, or get his greatest satisfaction in pursuing a career of definite physical action.

If a person's birth-date figures out to a 4, 5, or 6, he will be found to express himself most facilely or enjoyably in the realm of intellect or those pursuits that most exercise Mind.

If a person's birth-date figures out to a 7, 8, or 9, he will be found to express himself most properly in spiritual phases or arenas of activity—that is, those that concern the values that are permanent and eternal in human affairs, no matter to what age or culture they may apply. We are interested for the moment in this particular discussion, in examining the significances of the digits in the first of these cycles, for truth to tell, they follow a concrete pattern in each.

To illustrate, consider the Cycle of Action—

We start off with the Digit One.

It is represented as a vertical mark. Sometimes it has a little downward barb

at its top, tending toward the left. It symbolizes the single unit. Strangely enough, so too does the Capital Letter I in the personal equation.

It is by no means coincidence that the symbol for the single unit in mathematics, and the symbol for the single unit in alphabetical procedure, is the single upright mark.

Truly these are ancient pictographs representing Man. They indicate the Single-Soul idea, standing individualistically and unaided in Cosmos, with head or intellect pointing toward higher octaves.

¶ In Numerology therefore, we get the significance of 1 in terms of Independence, Pioneering, Self-Sufficiency, Self-Reliance, the tendency to proceed without bethinking it necessary to consult others, the inclination to live one's life according to one's instinctive inner urges and not be particularly affected by what society thinks about it.

One is the "pioneering" number, the "soldier-of-fortune" number, the Divine Cosmos existing and operating as the isolated fragment and finding its way valiantly up through the worlds irrespective of the trends of all other fragments

Now it follows that when to One there is introduced a second One—of course making Two—there is bound to be a condition of Affectiveness set up, or the state of each being affected by the existence and propinquity of the other.

This proposes in effect the interdependence of the pair so presented.

Two therefore symbolizes the pair of single units acting in conjunction, or functioning in relationship to each other as team or tandem.

In the human equation we get the symbol presented in terms of either partnership or matrimony, each unit being but one-half of the postulated Whole.

Two therefore might be called the Partnership, or Corelation Number. That which is undertaken is not essayed in solitaire performance as in One but always in conjunction with one other human unit whose presence or propinquity



completes the activity.  
The significance of the digit Three thereby becomes apparent.  
It is the Product Number.

Just as Man and his partner Woman come together in mating, and Product results in Child, so the Three Number is indicative of tacit action-creation in some aspect and epitomizes that which is projected when One and One have made Two, or the Creative Pair postulating Product.

We have therefore One the Pioneering Number, Two the Complement Number, and Three the Product Number.

This is the format for the two higher octaves as well—Mental and Spiritual.



N other words, there is the Pioneering, Complementing, and Product Triad in the mental realm. And there is the Pioneering, Complementing, and Product Triad in the spiritual realm.

One, Two, and Three are the pioneering, complementing, and product symbols in the Action Octave. Four, Five, and Six are the respective pioneering, complementing, and product symbols in the Mental Octave. Seven, Eight, and Nine are the respective pioneering, complementing, and product symbols in the Spiritual Octave.

Yet this thing is true and should be noted: that whereas the format is uniform for the expression of the digits as to their symbols in the three octaves, the effects of each translates into different aspects or orders of expression according as the octave is distinctive or peculiar.

Considerations of the mental and spiritual octaves we will leave to separate papers. We are here interested in the peculiarities or distinctions of the Actionist Octave only.

When we say that a person is an Actionist, what do we mean?

Commonly we would assume that he must get his expressions in terms of physical, mortal, or materialistic action.

Still, that is only true to a limited degree.

The Actionist is seeking for something! He is instinctively hunting beyond the confines of mortality—if the truth could be known—for that which forever satisfies and complements his spirit.

He wants, in a word, to climb up through worlds "that he can get his feet on".

He is not particularly interested in the mental, intellectual, or theoretical side of mortal pursuits. He is not expressly drawn toward, or content with, postulations and propositions that have their intrinsic basis or bases in the Eternal Verities.

He wants to get results right here and now—or in the specific octave in which he discovers himself deploying.

And he has a reason for this.

He is hunting concrete performance that he may observe without waiting a long time just what the effects of its working-out may be on his character. If it be not what he has anticipated, he wants to try other expedients at once and see their effects immediately as well.

¶ If so be it he cannot grasp, appreciate, or absorb such effects, he tries to reason out what is wrong. Thus by process of time, he gradually comes to operate in the mental, or Intellectual, octave. There he can draw his conclusions, or get his effects, by hypothesis. But while he is in the Actionist Octave, he is content to abide by what his courses of action bring forth and present to him.

He is hungry for information about the resultings from experience.

He wants the information close to him, to be able to compare the products or effects he is procuring while he is still among the causations responsible for them.

He does not wish to consider them reflectively. He wants to thrust forth his literal hand and feel them, to examine them or get concept of them almost by literal touch. If, as, and when he can do this, he is gratified and his sense of experiencing is served.



Actionism means Tangibility of Concept, Literality of Contact, and Positiveness of Execution in whatever form or aspect of God or Nature the subject operates ✠



O the One Person, the Two Person, or the Three Person will be found serving his current cosmic brevet in mortality best when he is permitted to

deal freest and fullest with other tangible personalities, or factors or units that express tangibilities, or where he can estimate or measure the concretions of experience in the momentary manner in which they occur.

The One-Person wants to sally forth and be the soldier of fortune, the pioneer, the self reliant human equation without let or hindrance, or hostages to fortune in the form of dependents. Basically, human relationships have small "pull" for him. Such will be the epitomizing research of his career.

The Two-Person will be happiest or most content when operating in conjunction with a partner, either marital or fraternal. There will be an instinctive longing or soul-hunger for a complementing half, and a form of expression to be lived wherein there is ever a buddy, a confidant, another person to share the common load.

The Three-Person, or rather the person on the Number Three Life-Path, will have similar urges to Two, only instead of expression coming most gratifyingly from juxtaposition to the one, it will manifest itself in juxtaposition to the group or to society at large. In any event, it is not strictly satisfied to go it alone and feels more comfortable when operating in reaction to a group than to a partner.

It is the child-product idea depicted in the existence of society as man confronts it generally on getting into it, or becoming a part of it.

Women who are Threes, or who find themselves embarked upon a Three Life-

Path, will not be satisfied to continue on as wives to single male individuals but will want to express themselves more broadly to society at large.

A woman who is an Eleven or a Two—for the sum of the two digits in Eleven amounts to Two—will feel deliriously happy in confining her life-expressions to service for, and reactions to, one man. She is basically in life on the Complement or Partnership Vibration. She says that she is perfectly content to appear as the reflection of a given man's personality, when what she truly means is, that her self-expression is most vivid and profitable to herself when sharply demarked by her reactions to the single dominant male character whom she has wedded or would wed.

Playing herself off in reaction to the group which is society-at-large—as the Threes most ardently desire to do—tends to confuse or belittle her in her own estimation. She is by no means singletrack-minded, or a simpleton in concept. She is concentrating herself, so to speak, for the current Life Brevet upon the one masculine personality so that she may depict herself to herself by the sharpest and clearest comparison of herself and her attributes to him and his attributes.

Uniformly it will be found that Number Two Wives, or women living life on the Two Vibration even when symbolized by the Eleven aspects, will be "one-man women" and be secretly proud that they are such.

Number Three Wives would abhor such a fancied circumscription of their personalities and activities and get their happiest and most gratifying careers either as mothers to big families, mentors to groups, or servers of society as society—but always on the plane of some sort of action as demarked from intellect or spiritual declensions.

*This is the Second of a series of papers on the significance and importance of Numerology in the study of Cosmic Vibration and the Charted Life. The next will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR.*





## WHY THE PUBLIC DOES NOT ACT TO DEFEND ITSELF FROM RUIN

**T**HINKING, commonly considered, is the act of bestirring in the memory a given array of factual experiences that have left their dents there psychologically, and using them as component factors in establishing a result in karmic logic.

That is to say, Thinking establishes things to be true by making factual comparisons from recollections of events and thus arriving at a factual conclusion by an unerring sense of spiritual apportionment for the reaching of a certain result.

Thinking establishes. Thought manufactures.

Thinking reaches a result and stops there. Thought continues on forever and is never quiet.

Thinking wants a thing to come true and makes deep and vital probings into the memory of experiences for component parts of the equation one wants to put together. Thought, on the other hand says: "I am glad that I AM! So long as I AM, I can afford to accredit myself forever."

Thought is consciousness.

Thinking is sentiency.

Now in this premise there is an errand unto the moment.

It is not enough to deal in abstractions, to say Habit is this and Thought is that, or Sentiency something else. We should be concerned always in arriving at

definite understandings of events upon this mortal plane—the Rate of Issue of divine beneficences out of the celestial and into the human.

Always we should bear in mind too, that Life is a constant "finding out" of vast cosmic assurances always tempered by remedial action of some sort that is the basis for society's so-called Progress.

¶ This remedial action is ever of the practical in utility. That is to say, it flavors and savors of individual profit in that it "eases the ordeal of educative pain".

"Practical" profit is always self-profit-utility. It presupposes that for every action there is a reaction in terms of active employment of the ego for the pleasurable inflation of one's self.

When a man delights to tell us how practical he is, let us always remember that he is informing us how ready he is to employ the various agencies of life that he may then be mentioning or in contact with, to profit himself with a definiteness that can be seen, heard, touched, or trafficked in. There is no other definition for the term practical.

¶ The practical man is the self-provident man. He "wants what he wants when he wants it" because he counts on it doing him a specific good in an imminent or continuing transaction.

The improvident man, or rather the man rarely selfish or self-seeking, or the man who delights in the fact of a sunset rather than a broom-handle, is said not



to be practical. Why? Because the result upon himself cannot be seen, heard, handled, or traded in to some sort of immediate and tacit profit, common more or less to all types and conditions of humanity as we find them.



**W**HEN we come to a consideration of these factors of Habit, Consciousness, Sentiency, and Practicality, and look upon humanity of the present moment, we are tacitly informed of the nature of many of the perversities that are befuddling the Pure in Heart at the present moment in earthly affairs.

Men in earth-life want to know what is good for them. They find out by the exercise of Curiosity. If the result be favorable, they return again and again seeking a repetition of the experience. Thus Habit is formed. They hunt and hunt, with or without the original rewards. Then comes a strange hiatus—¶ They do not know just why they hunt. They refuse, often enough, to acknowledge the fact behind the habit. They recall only the Fact of Sensation and not the nature of the sensation itself. They give and take in circumstances. They exercise memory and they perform in Thought.

But only rarely, and chiefly in the cases of very old-born souls, do they actually think ¶

You think because you are an old, old soul. You have been through countless earthly careers and arrived at a sense of relative values for relative experiences. Your education has shifted from the status of reactive interest—or the reactions from animal curiosity—to that of abstract consideration of spiritually-geometric equations.

Because you can perform this miracle within your own intellect, and by the self-motivated acts of your own spirits, you castigate and berate the remainder of the human race for not being able, or willing, or acquiescent, in doing it likewise ¶

You do not stop to reason out that all of these processes are strictly karmic. ¶ They are the result—the processes are—of what certain men and women of great cosmic experience have found out for themselves and evolved in abstract hypothetical expressions age after age, until the hypothesis stands good for the original tacit situation or motivating resource.

You cannot help acting in this fashion any more than the animal can help going up to a trough because its olfactory reactions have been exercised by the smell of savory food.

The rest of the world about you, into which you may have come as a species of mentor, is what it is because of what it has not yet experienced.

Now then, how to correlate the two?



**Y**OU see things happening in social or political circumstances and you bemoan them ¶

Why should you bemoan them? Why not become agreeably excited about them as the fanatical Communist does when he fancies that a mere redistribution of wealth through confiscation is going to pull him up to affluence as it tears the affluence of other men down?

The answer lies in this: that you are able, by the very fact of your cosmic years and the richness of your trial-and-error experiences, to call up from Cosmic Memory all the factors in a similar equation that tell you by hypothesis exactly what the real and correct result will be.

You build your karmic hypothesis in a twinkling and arrive at a factual result. You pronounce upon that result and think nothing special about it. As you say, it is "natural" for you to so perceive the co-relatings of factors and the production of a result.

But these little men-children, still in the diaper stage of human reasoning—or sentiency—do nothing of the sort.



They have not lived long enough, or been through enough educating experiences, to enable them to really "think" at all. They do not reason. They feel! Most of what they feel is but the desire to get a pleasurable incitement and have it constantly and continually repeated. They go about their deductions by a sort of brute force, essaying to take the kingdom of heaven by violence.

True, often as not they will—and do—pull down temples of human affairs upon their own heads. But what does it matter?

It is taking a short view of Cosmos to say that God can supply them with but one such temple and that there can never be more—that once demolished, all temples have vanished.

We must, in considering such a thing as has occurred in Russia for instance, take this viewpoint—

What if these bad-tempered and unthinking human infants do pull down their temple of civilization in a matter of years, months, weeks, or days? As often, in karmic processes, they must come back and rebuild that which they have toppled!

This is something too often ignored, even by those who should be most learned in the Cosmic Doctrine, when a debacle such as Russia bobs up for discussion. ✿

It seems to be a debacle, yes! Millions of souls are ejected by violence from the mortal plane for the moment. But do you take note that whoever is responsible for what has occurred, in any degree whatsoever, must come back into earth-life with inexorable certainty and patiently put back, brick by brick, everything that has in any way been injured or demolished!

In such process they will perceive that Pulling Down accomplishes nothing but a Pain-Experience, and ultimately in eternity they will desist and begin to reason among themselves, comparing the factors involved in toppling over temples before they actually commit it in materials.



THIS is not actually a pulling-down of the Temple of Civilization that is going on at present, however, and this is apparent for several reasons. In the first place, the Temple cannot be wholly toppled—as we commonly call it up in vision when we think of the utter ruin of all which men hold dear in their spiritual lives and manners.

The Temple cannot be toppled because, essentially considered, it is not the sort of temple that topples at the caprice of mischievous or stupid human hands.

Neither should we consider that there is going to be a general catastrophe just because one man or set of men have come into temporary political power as the result of certain chicaneries at the polls. The people of this nation want redress from the wrongs that have exercised distressful effects upon them, disestablishing them from those secular pursuits which formerly brought them pleasure. They want to go about their affairs in medium enjoyment and security. They have found out from conditions provided before their earthly advent, that from going to the polls and voting for this man or that man there has come a tuppence-worth of relief—or what they have been pleased to term relief—in that they get a sort of public providence rendered unto them in consequence. ✿

It pleases them to scout and hunt for repetitions of those public services in a little more personal and trenchant manner than has hitherto maintained.

They have "formed the habit of voting" and it will be a hard habit to break because—uniformly—they have discovered in past exercise of the ballot a sop to their vanities, the vicarious substitute for moral courage, or material benefits that accrued from the economic strategies of demagogues. Very good!

They are still searching for a repetition of those advantages, or vanity-appeasements. So let them do it. That is all beside the point.



What matters it, that eventually they shall arrive at a stature of moral cleverness—as well as intellectual astuteness—where they can perform the thinking processes without it costing them too heavily in self-protective goods or assets so that they are erased from the arena of consciousness where thinking is possible of employment at all.

Given a group of a dozen men and women and they will be outrageously angry if they understand you to declare that perhaps only one in the twelve is truly capable of thinking. They will rant and rave and call you unkind names. But the very fact that they do so receive you, will prove the essence of your contention, since if they really did perform the act of Thinking, they would observe as you observe—that the universal and cosmic memory-factors for Thinking cannot be present in all who are alive and functioning.

It is a long way around Robin Hood's barn, but a barn is a barn, and if it were not there to be encircled, no one would recognize that it was his barn and not his house or his chicken-coop, or that barns had paths around them making those who encircle to recognize that they are not traveling about a mountain, a lake, or a brick mausoleum.



THIS is the consensus of opinion among those dwelling at present in the Higher Octaves of Reality that the people in the current American dispensation, voting for this man or that measure in the present governmental endorsement of a very faulty economic palliative, are doing so because they have either received profit in the form of assets, or promises of such. Having known what Relief is in other trial-and-error ordeals, they can naturally be expected to want more of it and elect the man or men who either give it or promise it. Now the problem is not one of berating the "fool public" for not exercising its memory reflexes or bestirring its age-old

habits of accepting something pleasant that is offered for a temporary enhancement ✱

Neither is it truly one of berating or abusing a lecherous system that says: "Let us perpetuate ourselves by robbing Peter and paying Paul," for that is precisely what is going on at present in high councils of State.

The problem is: how to exercise the public's attention on other past reflexes, not necessarily base, not necessarily unpleasant, so that of two objectives it chooses the one which we particularly desire to have it select in the light of our own transcendent cosmic endowments, capable of erecting hypothesis from the vicissitudes of previous lives.

¶ We should be very foolish, and really get nowhere, to go to the public with a patch on our pants and say in all seriousness: "Elect us to office instead of these nitwits and tomorrow we shall furnish twelve loaves of bread for your families and a new suit of clothes for each member, each week." The recipients could exclaim: "How about the patch on your own suit of clothes? Why not provide yourself with new raiment before suggesting provision for our own?" ✱

In a manner of speaking, that is precisely what is wrong with the whole system of affairs that fails to provide humankind with support at this moment ✱

Humanity is being offered little more than a collation of abstract ideas, not based on any supposition or assumption of personal profit to society that society can recall within its limited memory processes ✱

The tenderers of these are making it appear—or striving to do so—that they are really Lords Bountiful unto the nation and when the nation says: "I am hungry!" they turn about and offer it only a philosophical recommendation printed upon a tract, answering: "Very well then. Eat of this, and all shall be excellent with you and yours."

The nation retorts: "But I am hungry



now. And it isn't a tract that I want but a loaf of bread."

There the theorists must halt and make the admission that they are quite well satisfied with their own loaf of bread that is cleverly wrapped up in such economic abstraction.

But the other fellow has not reached that point of intellectual metabolism as yet. He has a healthy stomach, and it wants crisp brown loaves of edible wheat. The theorists are not in any position to provide it and the nation knows it, just as it knows that there is a fraud somewhere in claims to furnish him and his family with clothes when the clothes of the theorists are shabby or run perilously near to indecent exposure.

Therefore the nation of nondescripts that have few memory reflexes to draw upon and serve them, accepts the theorists—no matter how brilliant or well-intentioned—as polite visionaries and gives time and attention to the political baker who may have stolen his wheat to make his loaves. Nevertheless he does produce loaves that are savory and edible, so savory and edible that the nation will trade its moral birthright for what appeals so appetizingly from beneath the baker's apron.



NOW in all of this, it must not be understood that there is never to be anything of practical nourishment to come out of academic recommendation. Nor should we look upon it that there will not be the proper method indicated for loaves to be tacitly manufactured of a more wholesome tenor at the appropriate time. We are looking for the moment at how we should regard men and women, and purblind society, in this interim of upset and economic adjustment.

We should take the position that here we have a world where the average run of humanity is composed of cosmic infants. They lead in certain intellectual

pursuits. They excel in certain branches of industry and mechanics. But deeply underlying these attainments there is a strange perversity that makes them want to shed and shun it at times and flee into a sort of mental and economic Nirvana, where they can manufacture whatever pleases their caprice by the simpler act of imagining it into being. They want to approximate the same conditions here in this physico-material octave that they can in the Higher Octaves of Pure Thought Postulation. But the facts of mortal and materialistic life will not permit them to do so.

So they have to be satisfied with the best alternative—that is, looking for someone to come along and do those things for them which they can conceive instinctively but not achieve by physical grasp. We say again—

The public does not Think. It feels! It does not reason. It reacts! Remember these fundamentals and do not look for miracles!

To expect the general mass of mankind to grasp intellectually in a twinkling that which is wrong with society, approximately what will fix it, and that its divine brevet is to set about embracing it, is to ignore or contradict the essence of the whole earth-scheme itself.

People are in mortality—as a general thing—to get precisely these lessons from experiencing.

The conditions of public indolence now commonly deplored, and which make public recognition and action necessary, are the very conditions being precipitated by life itself to develop Self-Awareness and galvanize humankind into grasping that its true salvation lies within its own initiative.

What truly is happening all over the earth in this fraught interim is, that humankind is being introduced to vicissitudes that shall imbed new memory reflexes in the average individual which he can hark back to, when subsequently he has use for them in Thinking processes in his lives still ahead.



Mentors are present in the earth-world, yes, to do the Thinking that is the result of their own memory reflexes acquired in similar sequences of the past. And they will function, never worry. But they will function in spite of the public and not because of its mass cooperation or intellectual acquiescence. ¶ As such, all esoteric scholars should view it. There is nothing to get excited about, nothing particularly to bemoan as being forever lost or retrograde in the veer which society is taking at present. On the other hand, by no means should its tendencies be viewed with resignation, equanimity, or from the understanding that it is pure racial karma that must not be tampered with. ¶ Those who are possessed of initiative, or the ability to act constructively from reasoning constructively, should figure that their functionings are as much a

part of the cosmic ensemble as the viciousness of certain elements that perforce require cooping.

All which is being destroyed at present, if it is being destroyed, must be built back—and ultimately by the very same souls in a new cycle who have done the acts of destruction in this one. On the other hand, those who have attempted to do the great acts of construction in this one, shall not only be excused from such labors in the future cycle but be the ones who profit without energy expenditure from the reconstruction when it is effected.

Remember the law of karmic balance and Compensation.

If it is called upon to work in the individual life, it is called upon to work in the national life.

The universe is Gigantic Balance!

And there the matter begins and ends!



## ✿ REALITIES ✿

SOME people dearly love to relive their sins in thought—and call it that they're being converted.



LIFE may be a Balanced Equation, but it holds lots of people who contrive clandestinely to step on the scales.



MAN wants but little here below, the poet assures us, but what he does want, he does his best to have put on a charge account.



LIVES of great men all remind us, we can make our own sublime, by departing leave behind us, debts to pay another time.

KNOW Thyself! counselled the ancients. But Transcendentalism says "NO thyself!"



GOD doesn't judge man until the end of his days. And then all He says is: "Soul, go into the Back-room and give yourself what you think you deserve!"



WHY keep on believing that man is a worm of the dust? Who ever uncovered a worm in dust? Besides, worms are creatures of fairly good sense in that they never took the bombastic notion that they and the Creator of the Universe had any sort of quarrel!





## THE MONTH'S GOLDEN MESSAGE:

### ¶ "The Enemy Felleth Himself"



Y Dearly Beloved: I speak unto you in a voice that is solemn, perceiving that ye are bewitched by a wakefulness for service. Hold ye, and hear! I send a pure counselling. There is none in between!

2 I say unto you that in the day that ye do go forth to conquer in my name, a mighty host goeth with you that is not of your making!

3 Mark ye this well! it is not of your making, but of the making of circumstance.

4 It is well to be prepared; it is well that ye say: What have we done that we should not have done? or what remaineth to be done that we have not encompassed?

5 It is better to say: These things are known of me: that I have kept the faith, that I have manifested no ungodly act toward my brethren, that I have answered when I was called to play my role, that I have dwelt not in wickedness and raised no man's wrath against me falsely.

6 In that I have done these things, I ask neither mercy nor pardon from circumstance; I continue my role in witnessing event, content to do that which hath a goodly merit when those things beckon me which are of worthy brevet.

7 And now, my beloved, hear ye me further: I say unto you that I do preserve you from little deeds, that ye may concentrate on great.

8 I come unto you in silence; I say unto you in secret: Rise ye up, my beloved, for the time cometh shortly for your functioning in circumstance.

9 Remember that I have said it; remember that I have told you that I prepare the way for you, that wherein ye serve, ye do a great honor unto yourselves and unto those who await the rewards for your performance.

10 Lest it perplex you that this is so, I tell you that we do exceed our authority if sobeit we come unto the enemy before he is ready for his falling.

11 We gain naught and lose much if we best him in circumstance by hurling a violence, and have not the cohorts to follow up our victories.

12 I say unto you that the Plan goeth otherwise. It shall come to pass that a mighty host shall arise in this nation; many men in many places shall cry in a fury: Where is he who would lead us in that he hath prophesied correctly the coming of this vermin?

13 In that day, beloved, arise and lead indeed! but lead ye with sense and with minions at your back! lead in that ye have proclaimed yourselves as having a goodly knowledge of that which is evil and its Bright Overcoming.

14 It hath come to mine ear that there are those amongst you saying: It is fitting and proper that we checkmate the adversary, that his profit of this people shall not be of increase.

15 I say unto you, beloved, there are ten thousand heralds who tell of the



pestilence but none who come before the Dark One, felling him.

16 The enemy felleth himself, my beloved: he doeth that which is deadly to himself, he maketh a stench of his own vomit and verily he eateth it, as I have said;

17 Thereof is he sickened and his strength goeth out of him. Is this not plain to you?

18 In my name go forward, preaching and instructing, giving man the hope of things to come in sermon and illustration, gather those about you who do say, We would end this dark madness and give reign to sweet mercies;

19 But give no hostages to tumults: carry no foul angers: waste not your resource on joyings of disturbings that your tempers may be fat and deliver you much carrion.

20 Doth the enemy know a victory? I say it is no victory but the fury of a triumph that expendeth on him in misery ✠

21 Are ye called then to lead? Say unto the brethren: We have a plan of excellent promise from sources higher than our own; we come and go in goodly works, offering our enhungered brethren concordance, yea even in his statecraft ✠

22 But await ye the tocsin that the proud have a stumbling, restrain your clean wraths till the wicked are sickened, watch ye on the ramparts of sweet benediction that a fresh dawn is glowing where the past night showed storm clouds ✠

23 Behold there are those who watch in a fretting, their bowels hold bedlams and naught can assuage them.

24 Can the angered archer send a true shaft, beloved? I say unto you that unto the fair day cometh the fair warning; within the fair tumult ariseth the fair opportunity for leadership of a host that hath battlement for insignia, even in its rantings.

25 Be advised that I speak as the general of a bivouac, watching the development of the campaign which groweth,

knowing that all goeth well with the cohorts in that the enemy knoweth rent from his confusings.

26 Lest it be said of you that ye are found wanting, I say manifest no ungodly act that the cohorts may know numbers but remedy that the adversary hath the greater grievance within his own ranks, of which we take advantage as the red cry revealeth it.

27 The enemy hath not an easy way: he proceedeth not smoothly: his plans mature not excellently.

28 I say, be guarded, be wise, be solemn, be slow to anger concerning him, give of your utmost to education and enlightenment. For such were ye called and such shall perform for you that which minions could not, though they flew to your track in a miracle's twinkling ✠

29 Take heed to yourselves and perform no impatiences, for I, your Lord,  
30 Hear ye my words and be peaceful in your hearts.

31 I have not called you thus far to say that caution is the strategy in the action to which I summon you, as the earth hath siesta before Mighty Event! leave you in a little tent when mighty events call forth a mighty roar of joyous combatting for the Lord of Hosts.  
32 There is naught to defile you, there is naught to cause you heart-wrench. Behold that the conflict hath been a fat aeon gathering; it is not of small moment, it ushereth in a long sun of radiance ✠

33 Gather your minions as a rite for a baptizing: see that their weapons are brightly burnished knowledge.

34 I tell you the tocsin shall sound for their advancing: there shall be a great clamor and Mammon shall mark it.

35 So await the hour with an eagerness for petard. The issue is the Father's and the victory Eternity's.

36 The enemy, I tell you, defeateth himself, and the battle goeth excellently all over the earth!

PEACE!



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